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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

AIM HIGH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY NEMO.

Aim High! Thy soul should never stoop
To things of trivial worth,
For plant its ensign in the clouds,
Above the grovelling earth!
The eagle, loftiest in his flight,
Would never sweep the sky,
If not from meaner things beneath,
He turned his gaze on high!

Work Hard! Evoke all latent might,
That may have slumbered long,
And arm thee for the fearful strife,
With Faith and Courage strong:
Then cast thyself upon the die
Thy heart has nobly chose,
And battle for the glorious meed,
Gained all that mars oppose.

Never Give Up! The idle sneer,
The hand that thwarts thy way,
Will but secure to victory,
If late, a brighter day.
Genuine will triumph most when crushed
A while by envious means.
It rises then to loftier deeds,
In far more noble scenes.

Independence, Pa., May, 1849.

EARLY SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY G. M. L. RUPENSIDE.

The last clouds of the storm
Have flown like wild fowls to the distant sea,
And Spring is scattering down on field and tree
With welcome warm

The earth has felt the glow;
The sunshine spreads its leaven towards the sun,
And the two hundred yards are
Spring dotes before.

How Sabbath-like the air,
Soft winds, in eddies, fan the fevered brow;
And even the Spring's young leaves upon the bough
Seem sacred with prayer!

Ah! who would wish to die
When all is hushed in sunshine like a sea,
And singing birds, in life, are wandering free
Beneath the sky.

Pictures of Life.

STORY OF GRAZIELLA.

(CONCLUDED)

FROM "CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES, OR MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH."

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS," RAPHAEL, &c.

CHAPTER III.

I.

I no longer hesitated. I gave the frail door a blow with my shoulder, with all the strength which my unconscious and my impatience could lend me. It burst in this way, and came off without resistance, and I rushed into the house.

The little lamp, which had been lighted before the Madonna by Graziella, gave out a feeble light. I flew to the extremity of the second chamber, from which I had heard the sound of her voice, and of her tell-passers, and where I feared she had fainted. She was not there. Her weakness alone had defeated her effort; she had fallen back on the heap of dry heather which served her for a bed, and was gazing at me with her hands clasped together. Her eyes, animated by fever, dilated with astonishment, and languid with love, shone faintly like stars, the light of which falls from the sky and which seem to gaze at you from the depth of the water.

Her head, which she endeavored to raise, fell back, from weakness, upon the leaves, bent backward, and as it looked by the blow of an axe. She was pale as death, except that upon each cheek burned a bright red spot. Her lovely skin was stained by the traces of tears, and by the dust which had clung to them. Her black robe was bleeded with the brown tint of the leaves scattered over the floor, and upon which she was reclining. Her naked feet, which had been carefully tucked in their whole extent beyond the heather, and reposed on the stone. A shudder ran through all her limbs, and caused her teeth to chatter like the sound of castanets in the hands of a child. The red handkerchief which ordinarily enveloped the long black tresses of her beautiful head, was unfastened and thrown like a ball veil over her forehead, reaching down to her eyes. It was evident that she sought to conceal her features and her tears beneath its shade, as in the anticipated annihilation of the wind-rag-sheet, and that she had only lifted it on hearing my voice, and on assuming a sitting attitude before attempting to open the door.

II

I threw myself on my knees by the side of the heather; I took her two icy hands between mine. I pressed them to my lips, to impart warmth to them by my own breath; and my tears fell from my eyes. I understand, from the convulsive pressure of her fingers, that she felt these rain drops of the heart, and that she thanked me. I took off my sailor's cravat. I threw it over her naked feet. I wrapped them in its woollen folds.

She allowed me to do so; following me only with her eyes, with an expression of delirious rapture, her weakest power as yet to assist herself by the least movement, like a child which permits itself to be wrapped up and turned in its cradle. I then threw two or three faggots of brushwood upon the hearth, in the outer chamber, to warm the air a little. I kindled them by the flame of the lamp, and I returned to seat myself beside her bed of leaves.

"How happy I feel myself," said she, speaking very slowly, in a sweet, low and monotonous tone, as if her chest had lost at once all power of command and inflection, and she had only retained a single note of her voice. "I have attempted in vain to conceal it from myself. I have attempted in vain to conceal it forever from you. I may die, but I cannot love another than yourself. They wish to give me a betrothed—it is you who are the betrothed of my soul! I will never give myself to another upon earth, for I have given myself in secret to you!—you upon earth, or God in heaven! It is the vow which I made the first day that I felt my heart sick for you. I know very well that I am but a poor girl, unworthy to touch your feet, even in thought! Therefore I do not ask you to love me: I shall never ask if you love me. But I love you, I love you, I love you!" And she seemed to concentrate her whole soul in these three words. "And now, despise me, mock me, trample me under your feet! Ridicule me, if you wish, as a shameless woman who dreams in her rags that she is a queen. Make me the jest of all the world! Yes! I will tell it them with my own lips—yes, I love him! And if you had been in my place, you would have done like me—you would have died, or you would have loved him!"

III

I had kept my eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to raise them toward her, lest my look should express too much or too little for her delirious state. Nevertheless, at these words I raised my forehead which had been pressed to her hands, and I stammered out a few words.

She placed her fingers upon my lips. "Let me say all; now I am content. I have no longer any doubt, God has manifested His will. Listen—

"Yesterday, when I fled from the house, after having passed the whole night in struggling and weeping at your door, when I arrived here through the tempest, I came thinking I should never see you again, and like a dead person who walks of her own accord to the tomb, I intended on the morrow to become a nun, as soon as day should appear. When I arrived at night on the island, and proceeded to knock at the door of the convent, it was too late; the door was closed. They refused to open it for me. I came here to pass the night and to kiss the walls of my father's house before entering into the house of God, and into the tomb of my heart. I had written, by a child, to a friend of mine to come and seek me here to-morrow. I found the key. I lighted the lamp before the Madonna, I threw myself on my knees, and I made a vow—a last vow—a vow of hope even in my despair. For you will know, if ever you love, that there always remains one last ray of light in the depth of the soul, even when the possessor thinks that all have been extinguished. 'Holy Protectress!' said I, to her, 'send me some sign of my vocation, in order to assure me that love does not deceive me, and that I have truly devoted to God a life which ought to belong to him alone!'

"Here I commence my last night among the living. No one knows where I spend it. To-morrow, perhaps, they will come hither to seek me, when I shall be no longer here. It is to the friend to whom I have sent to apprise of my being here, who comes first, it will be a sign that I ought to accomplish my design, and I will follow her forever to the convent.

"But if it be he who appears before her!—he who comes, guided by my good angel, to stay me on the brink of another life! Oh! then, it will be a sign that you do not want me, and that I ought to return with him and love him the remainder of my days!

"Grant that it may be him!' I added; 'grant this one miracle more, if it be your will and that of God!' To obtain it, I make you an offering the only one which it is in my power to give you, I who have nothing. Here are my locks, my poor long tresses which he loves, and which he has so often untied to see them floating in the wind on my shoulders. Take them, I give them to you. I cut them off with my own hand, to prove that I receive nothing to myself, and that my head rubmits beforehand to the scissors which would sever them off to-morrow, in separating me from the world."

At these words, she tore off with her left hand the handkerchief which covered her head, and in doing so the other fell upon the locks of hair which she had cut off, and which she had placed beside her on her couch of leaves, she unrolled them and showed them to me, "The Madonna has accomplished the miracle," she resumed, in a stronger voice, and with accents of heartfelt joy. "she has sent you! I will go wherever he wish! My locks belong to her—my life to you!"

I threw myself upon the severed tresses of her lovely, jet-black hair, which remained in my hands like a decayed branch broken from the tree. I covered them with silent kisses. I pressed them to my heart. I watered them with my tears as if they had formed a part of myself which had died, and which I buried in the earth. Then, turning my eyes again towards her, I saw her charming head, which she raised, all despoiled of its covering, but as if adorned and embellished by the sacrifice, radiant with joy and with love, in the midst of the black and irregular marks where her locks had been torn away rather than cut by the scissors—She seemed to me like a mutilated statue of Youth, the grace and beauty of which the very mutilations of time only heighten by adding to them a sentiment of tenderness and admiration. The profanation of self, this suicide of her beauty for love of me, sent a pang to my heart which shook my whole being, and prostrated me on the earth with my forehead at her feet. I felt a presentiment of what it was to love, and I took this presentiment for love itself!

IV.

Alas! it was not love in its full extent, what I felt was but the shadow. But I was still too childlike and too artless not to deceive myself. I fancied I adored her, as so much innocence, beauty and love deserved to be adored by a lover. I half saw in her, from time to time, a sister, whom I might love with that tone of sincerity which springs from fraternal emotion, and that concentrated passion which is strengthened by solitude, by night, by despair, and by tears. She believed it, because she felt the necessity of believing it in order to live and because she had, in her own soul, enough of passion to cover the want of it in a thousand other hearts.

The whole night was spent thus in the confiding, but artless and pure, interchange of two beings who innocently reveal their mutual tenderness, and who wish that the silence and the night might be eternal, that nothing alien should come to interpose between their lips and their hearts. Never, in my most timid reserve, the very tenderness of our hearts, preserved us from every other danger. The veil of our tears was over us. There is nothing so far removed from voluptuousness as deep and tender emotion. To abuse such an intimacy would be to profane two souls.

I held her head pressed in mine. I felt them once more warm with life. I hastened to seek some fresh water for her to drink from the hollow of my hand, or to sprinkle upon her forehead and her cheeks. I rekindled the fire by throwing some branches upon it; then I returned to seat myself on the stone floor, beside the myrtle branches on which her head reposed, and to listen again to the delightful confession of her love, how it had sprung up within her unconsciously, under the guise of the pure and gentle friendship of a sister: how she was at first ashamed, then reassured, by what sign she had at length known that she loved me, how many secret marks of preference she had given me without my knowing it; what day she feared she had betrayed herself; what other day she fancied she perceived that I returned her love, the hours, the gestures, the smiles, the words half spoken and then called back, the speaking looks or the involuntary clouds of our features during these six months. Her memory had preserved them all. She remembered them all, as the grass of the mountains of the South, to which the wind has not fire during the summer, preserves the impress of the burning wherever the dance has passed!

V.

She added to them those mysterious superstitions of feeling, which give a meaning and a value to the most insignificant circumstances. She raised, as it were, one by one before me, all the veils which had covered her soul. She displayed herself, as if to God, in all the openness, all the candor of the most child like abandonment. The soul enjoys only once during life such moments as these, when it pours itself forth into another soul in that inexhaustible murmuring of the lips which are unable to express its loving emotions, and which end in confused and inarticulate sounds, like the kisses of a child who sinks to slumber.

I never was weary of listening, of shuddering and sighing by turns. Although my heart too full of the lightness and age of youth, was not her soft, recently ripe not sufficiently fruitful, to give birth of itself to such burning and heavenly emotions, these emotions produced, in sinking into mine an impression so new and so delightful, that in beholding them I fancied I felt them. Alas! I was mistaken. I was the one and she the love. In reflecting it, I learned I produced it. It matters not; these burning rays, thus reflected from one to the other, seemed to belong to us both, and to wrap us in an atmosphere at the same heritage.

VI.

Thus glided past that long winter's night. That night had, for her and me, the duration only of the first sigh which tells that we love. It seemed to us that, when the daylight appeared, it came to interrupt this word, scarcely yet pronounced.

Nevertheless, the sun was already high above the horizon, when his rays streamed between the closed shutters, and made the light of the lamp grow pale. At the moment when I opened the door, I saw the fisherman's whole family mounting with hasty step the staircase which led to the house.

The young son of Procida, Graziella's friend, to whom she had sent the message the evening before, concluding to her her design of entering the nunnery the following day, suspecting some disappointment of the heart, had sent one of her brothers at night-fall to Naples, to inform Graziella's parents of her resolution. Thus made acquainted with the discovery of their child, they had arrived in haste, all joyous and all repentant, to arrest her on the brink of her despair, and to bring her back with them free and pardoned.

The grandmother threw herself on her knees beside the bed, pushing before her the two little children whom she had brought with her to soften Graziella, and covering herself with their bodies as with a buckler against the reproaches of her grandaughter. The children threw themselves with cries and tears in the arms of their sister. In rising to caress them and to embrace her grandmother, the handkerchief which covered Graziella's head fell aside, and allowed it to be seen stripped of all its lovely covering. On seeing this outrage on her beauty, the meaning of which they all too well understood, a shudder seized them. Sobs burst forth anew through the house. The nun, who just then entered, calmed and consoled the family; she picked up the tresses severed from the forehead of Graziella, she pressed them to the image of the Madonna, then folding them in a handkerchief of white silk, she placed them in the grandmother's apron. "Keep them," said she to her, "to show them to her, from time to time, in her days of happiness or of suffering, to remind her, when she belongs to him whom she loves, that the first fruits of the heart belong to God as the first fruits of her beauty belong to Him in these locks."

VII

In the evening we all returned together to Naples. The zeal which I had shown to discover and save Graziella on the occasion, redoubled the affection which the old woman and the fisherman entertained for me. None of them suspected the nature of the interest I took in her, nor her attachment for me. They attributed all to the repugnance she felt for Cecco's deformity. They hoped to conquer this repugnance by reason and by time. They promised Graziella not to press her further on the subject of the marriage. Cecco himself begged his father not to speak more of it, and by his humility, his attentions and his looks, he aided the cause of his cousin for having been the occasion of giving her pain. Calm once more established itself in the household.

Nothing now threw a shadow on Graziella's countenance, nor a cloud on my happiness, except the thought that this happiness would be sooner or later interrupted by my return to my own country. When any one chanced to pronounce the name of France, the poor girl grew pale, as if she had seen a phantom of death. One day, on entering my chamber, I found all my trunk garments torn in pieces and scattered on the floor. "Forgive me," said she, blushing herself upon her knees at my feet, and raising toward me her agitated countenance, "it is I who was the cause of this mischief. Oh, do not scold me! Every thing which reminds me that you must one day leave off this sailor's dress, makes me too unhappy! It seems to me that you will stop yourself! I tear it with my heart, and take another, when you assume the dress you used to wear."

Except these little storms, which proceeded only from the warmth of her tenderness, and which were soon appeased by a few tears mutually shed, three months glided past thus in an imaginary dream, which the least reality, in touching us, must dissolve. Our Eden was built on clouds.

It was thus that I first learned to love by a tear in the eyes of the child.

VIII

One evening toward the close of the month of May, there was heard a violent knocking at the door. All the family were asleep. I proceeded to open it. It was my friend Cecco. "I am come to summon you," said he. "He-it is a letter from your mother. You must not refuse to obey it—The horses are ordered for midnight. It is now 11 o'clock. Let us set out now, or you will never set out. You will obey, if you would not kill your mother. You know how your family make her responsible for all your faults. She has sacrificed much for you, sacrifice yourself for a moment for her. I swear to you that I will return here with you to spend the winter, and a whole long year in addition. But your presence is now necessary in your family, and your obedience is peremptorily demanded. I tell that I will go."

"Wait for me here," said I.

I returned to my chamber, I threw my clothes hastily into my valise, I wrote to Graziella, I said to her all that the tenderness of a heart of twenty could prompt, and placed before her all that reason dictated from a son and a friend. He promised to return to her, as I swore to myself, that before the fourth month had elapsed I should be by her side once more, and that I should hardly ever leave her again. I confided the uncertain events of our future destiny to Providence and to love. I felt her my pulse to assist her good patron in fixing my absence by the shortest period. I approached her chamber with stealthy steps. I threw myself upon my knees on the threshold of the door. I kissed the stone and the wood—I slipped the note into her room beneath the door, devoured as I did so by sobs which almost choked me.

My friend pained his arm beneath mine, lifted me up, and drew me after him. At that moment Graziella, whom the unusual noise had doubtless alarmed, opened the door. The moon lighted up the terrace with its beams. She saw me, she saw Cecco, she read my flight on the features of my friend, she saw the servant carrying my valise upon his shoulder. She held out her arms, uttered a cry of terror, and fell lifeless upon the terrace.

We rushed toward her. We carried her, lifeless as she was, and laid her on the bed. All the family hastened in. We sprinkled water on her face, we called her in all those voices which were most dear to her. She only recovered her sensation at mine. "Yes see," said my friend to me, "she lives; the blow is struck. Any more lengthened silence would only render the shock more terrible." He unfastened the two iron cold arms of the young girl from around my neck, and he tore me from the house. An hour afterward we were sailing amidst the silence of night upon the road leading to Rome.

IX.

I had left several addresses in the letter which I had written to Graziella. I found the first letter from her at Rome. She told me that she was still in bed, but sick at heart; that, nevertheless, she consoled in my word, and expected me with certainty in the month of November.

When I reached Lyons, I found a second letter, even more serene and trusting than the first. This letter contained some leaves of the red carnation which grew in an earthen vase upon the little piazza wall of the terrace back to my chamber and the flowers of which she was wont to place in her hair on Sundays. Was it to send me something which had touched her? Or was it a tender reproach, masked under a symbol, to recall to my mind the sacrifice which she had made of her locks for my sake?

She told me that "she had had the fever, that her heart was ill, but that she was growing better every day; that they had sent her, for change of air, and to bring about her complete recovery, to the house of one of her cousins, a sister of Cecco's, who occupied a cottage at Vomero, a lofty and healthful hill which overlooks Naples."

I remained nearly five months without receiving any further letters. I thought every day of Graziella. I was to set out again for Italy at the commencement of the approaching winter. Her sorrowful and charming image was ever present to me like a regret, and sometimes, also, like a tender reproach. I was at that ungrateful age when the luxury of youth, and the force of imitation, unite to make a young man ashamed of his best feelings, a cruel age, in which the first gifts of God, pure love and artless affections, fall upon the barren soul, and are carried away by the breath of the wind. The ill-natured vanity and irony of my friends often combated within me this ever-living tenderness which existed in the depths of my heart. I dared not have confessed without blushing, and without exposing myself to ridicule, the name and the condition of the object of my regrets and my melancholy. Graziella was not forgotten, but she was shut out from my existence by a thick veil of worldliness. This love which enchanted me heart-humiliated my worldly pride. Her memory, which I cherished alone and in solitude, pursued me in the world almost like a remorse. How I blush now for having blushed then! And how far does a single one of these rays of joy, or a single tear-drop from her chaste eyes, exceed in value all those looks, all those raillieries, and all those smiles to which I sacrificed her image! Ah! man when young is incapable of loving! He knows the value of nothing which is not vanity, and he casts away, like a sailor's dress, makes me too unhappy! It seems to me that you will stop yourself! as if from the heart, and take another, when you assume the dress you used to wear."

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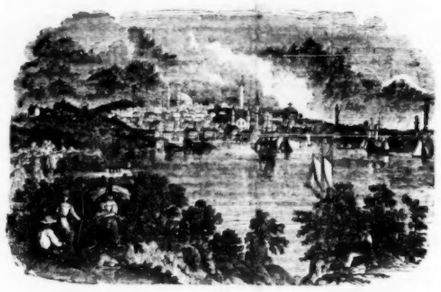
Gallery of American Cities.



BALTIMORE.

The city of Baltimore is pleasantly situated on a bay which sets up from the North side of the Patapsco River, on gently uneven ground, which gives it a fine drainage, and affords many handsome sites for dwellings, with commanding elevations on the North and East. As laid out, it includes four miles in square, but the part compactly built extends about two miles in length from East to West, and a mile and a half from North to South. The number of elevations and depressions exceeds fifty, and the highest of the former, on which the Washington Monument is placed, exceeds 150 feet above the harbor. The streets are regularly laid out, generally crossing each other at right angles, and are of ample width, being from 50 to 100 feet wide. The streets are paved in the centre, and the side walks are generally laid with red brick, in a diagonal inpiace

The World Abroad.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. IV.

SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.

The lecturer had been asked about the origin of several cantons. Copenhagen signified the Haven of Merchants; and if a free port, it would be the first in Northern Europe. Stockholm denoted the Island of the Trunk of a Tree. It was founded by Bourger Tal, who had a dream, in which he was directed that wherever the trunk of a tree floating out of Lake Meiar, should stop—that there he should found a city. On the following day he saw such a trunk floating from the Lake, and it stopped at a little island opposite to the place where Stockholm now stood. Hamburg was named from a small village, and Ham, a Missionary in the time of Charlemagne. The lecturer gave the names of most of the reigning Kings in the North of Europe. The climate of Russia was more severe than that of Norway. All the western coast of Europe had open winters—but in the extreme north of Russia, the mercury had gone down to 60° below zero. The Government of Russia had sent twenty-four men to Archangel to ascertain the degree of cold. Spitzbergen is in *latitude* 80°. Eight of the men died, and the sixteen returned and reported that the cold could not be borne—but that they thought that they could have borne it, had it not been for the darkness of the night. Dr. B. had read of the summer as freedom at midnight. But it was melancholy both at Stockholm and St Petersburg, to return home from a party at midnight, and see all the streets deserted. At the North Cape for two months, in the Summer, the sun does not go down at all—at the Isle John Mendolph. He is one of great talents, but it might be feared that he is unprincipled and immoral; and it is certainly difficult for an immoral man to be a good statesman. Lamartine was described as an ardent and rapid speaker. Odillon Barrot is a plain man and a fine speaker. Cavaignac is a man of ability, as is well known;—his father was a regicide. 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To show the power of the Bonaparte name, it should be mentioned that in the last election, a clergyman received in one of the Districts at least 12,000 votes, because his first name was Napoleon. Berryer is the first speaker in France. *Molé* is also a very eminent man. Among the cities noticed, was Avignon, where the Popes resided for seventy years, during what they called the " Babylonish Captivity," and here is a relic of the Inquisition—an old dungeon, on the walls of which Prisoners who were cast there by heroes, engraved inscriptions by the prisoners, such as : " How long, oh, Lord !" &c., before they were burnt at the stake. These were truly affecting. Lyons, Rhoims, Dijon, Strasburg, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Rouen, and all the chief cities were noticed—but all these must have to Paris. Where a Frenchman has seen Paris, he thinks he has seen all the world. The great capital is surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, not for the purposes of fortification, but to force people to go through the gates, and pay the octroy, or taxes due for their entrance. The fortifications were described. Paris is built of stone, taken from quarries beneath the Southern part of the city, in which columns were left to support the superincumbent earth, and these caverns have since been the depositaries of human bones from the cemeteries. They are now called the catacombs. Over the entrance was lately to be seen the infidel inscription of the first Revolution : " Death is an Eternal Sleep." St Denis, six miles from Paris, in the Westminster Abbey of France, in which many of her kings are buried. The population of Paris is about 1,000,000. 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Switzerland and France are the greatest Republics in Europe. Switzerland has a population of about 2,250,000 in 22 Cantons. The Government is similar to ours before the present Constitution. The Southern part is mountainous—the Northern part not so mountainous, there being valleies or plains between. After ascending the mountains 3,000 feet, the oak, chestnut and walnut trees disappear, and the vines only are seen—at 6,000 feet all the trees disappear, and only stunted shrubs and grass are seen—at 7,000 feet there is no shrub, no grass, nothing but masses of rock—at 9,000 there is the snow line. Mount Blanc is 16,000 feet high—and nearly 9,000 feet is a mass of snow, except where the rocks rise like needles, and the snow will not rest. The different Cantons were traced out on a superb map, on the ridges of mountains described. Also the lakes and rocks—some of which were very rugged and steep. On the borders of Lake Lucerne, near Altorf, a monument has been erected to William Tell, where he slew Gessler, the Austrian Governor. The zigzag roads up the mountains have a singular and interesting appearance. On some of them two hundred *travaseaux* are to be seen at once, passing and repassing over the snow. The effect is very picturesque—the mules drawn by horses, oxen, camels, asses by oxen, and some literally by cows. The mountain scenery is magnificent and sublime. The vallies are beautiful, being cultivated like a garden. The lakes are literally fringed with cultivated country. There are sixty glaciers, some all at least 6,000 feet above the sea. The largest above Chamouni, is two or three miles wide—frozen in waves—so that it is difficult to walk, and to fall down the chasms between them is dangerous, and sometimes fatal. Some years ago, a guide went on along the glacier, with a chasm, and not returning at night, the entire neighborhood went in search of him with torches. An English gentleman, with the generosity so characteristic of his nation, offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any one who would find the guide and restore him to his family. He was found, saved, and the reward paid. Wheat, corn, rye and the vine are cultivated in Switzerland. The small proprietors have no wine presses—but a vat with a hole at the bottom, and boys get in and jump about until they are covered with grape juice,—which then is pressed out runs through the hole at the bottom. The Swiss send their cattle to little plateaux of grass up the mountains for three months during the summer, and during that time they live in little *chalets* or huts, near the cattle, where they make butter and cheese, and send their products of the dairy down the mountains every few days. The mountains are named from these *plateaux*, and the word " Alp" means a grassy place. The cattle, having been driven down from the Alps, the mountains in the month of September. The manufactures are but trifling—cheefly watches and clocks—a little silk. The Protestant Cantons have a good school system—but the Catholic Cantons are much behind. There are three Universities—Geneva, Switzerland has not produced many great men—but few as compared with Holland. Two-thirds of the people are Protestant, and one third Catholic. There are fourteen Protestant Cantons and eight Catholic. In all the Protestant Cantons there are many Catholics, but in two Catholic Cantons only are there many Protestants, while in the other six there are next to none. Geneva has 30,000 inhabitants, and its environs have 30,000 more. It is situated at the head of the Lake of the Isle John Rendolph. He is a man of great talents, but it might be feared that he is unprincipled and immoral; and it is certainly difficult for an immoral man to be a good statesman. Lamartine was described as an ardent and rapid speaker. Odillon Barrot is a plain man and a fine speaker. 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France is now divided into eighty-three Departments—formerly into thirty-six Provinces, and the French now speak of the Provinces continually. Thus " I am going into Provence, into Languedoc or Champagne." Champagne is the Province whence comes the champagne wine to this country, but there is a great deal here which does not come. The mountain ranges of the Alps, Pyrenees, Cevennes, Auvergne, &c., were pointed out on the map, nearly all in the South. Brittany is hilly, but most of the North was in the time of the undulating country. France is drained by five important rivers, all navigable for steamboats, of which there are about two hundred. Bonaparte made excellent roads in his day. The English complained of them, but the lecturer heartily wished that we had such roads in this country. All kinds of grain, including Indian corn—fruits, and particularly the olive and vine were cultivated in the southern parts of France. A vineyard was described—the vines climbing poles only a few feet high, and being cut down nearly to the ground every year. They were planted four or five feet apart, like corn hills, and the vines lasted about fifteen years when they were dug up. The vintage was a time of frolic—too much so. The country people live mostly in villages, which have an old and disagreeable appearance. There are no stone walls, no fences on the farms, and those who keep cattle are obliged to look after them. There are so many women as mere working in the fields, and they are said to be engaged in the construction of a pleasure-carriage, by which, with the aid of Lord Rosse's monster telescope, it is hoped that delineations of the most distant planetary arrangements may be obtained.

Since 1789, all the revolutions in France have taken place under Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was dethroned under Pius VI ; the Directory was overturned under Pius VI ; Napoleon fell under Pius VII ; Charles X. under Pius VIII ; and Louis Philippe under Pius IX.

An order issued by the authorities of Vienna, forbids any person from wearing red clothes of any kind ; and any one who may display a red neck cloth or red ribbons, will be immediately seized and tried by a court martial.

Juliens, commonly called Ned Buntline, editor of a New York paper named " Noises to Captivates," &c.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post ; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think these need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. In

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DARLINGS. " To My Absent Friend," " Specimens of Speech," " The Influence of Women," and " The Parlor Serpent."

TERRIBLE RIOT.

There was a terrible riot in the city of New York, on Thursday evening of last week, growing out of the controversy between Messrs. Forrest and Macready.

On the Monday evening previous, Mr. Macready made his appearance at the Astor Place Theatre, but was prevented from being heard by groans and yells from a portion of the audience ; the play being finally stopped by these means, and by the flinging of rotten eggs, potatoes, and finally three chairs, upon the stage.

In consequence of these riotous proceedings, Mr. Macready avowed his intention of throwing up his engagement. But, upon the publication of a card signed by Washington Irving, and others of the most distinguished citizens of New York, deprecating this course, he resolved to proceed with his performances. A card signed by a number of New Yorkers on Thursday evening, Macready would play Macbeth, it being understood that the authorities guaranteed the preservation of the peace.

Thursday evening came, and with it great excitement in the city. Placards were posted up, appealing to American *patriotism* to vindicate the national character by an outrage upon the peace of the community. The theatre was immediately filled upon being opened, and a large crowd collected outside. Upon the raising of the curtain, somewhat of a repetition of the scene upon Monday evening ensued, but it was soon apparent that the great majority of the audience was for quiet and order. Nevertheless as forty men can make sufficient noise to prevent four hundred from hearing, the performance was for some time interfered through the first act. Then the police began to interfere, to the great gratification of the mass of the audience, arresting the noisiest of the rioters ; and, so far as these present was concerned, the play proceeded with comparatively little interruption.

The crowd outside, however, became every moment more noisy and riotous, attempting at length to force an entrance into the theatre, and finally beginning a fierce assault with paving stones upon the doors and the building. The windows shutters, the latter being slight, were soon broken in, and the missiles rained into the lobbies, in some instances even penetrating into the body of the theatre, and of course greatly alarming the audience.

But still the play went on ; the actors and actresses manifesting great self-command. It was a singular and thrilling scene ; the mimic passions exhibited on the stage, contrasting with the *true passion* of the crowd without. Within, all was quiet and determined, listening to the measured cadence of the players on the one hand, and to the hoarse roar of the mob, and the noise of the falling missiles upon the other. It was not the pleasantest position in the world for actors to be in—but, true to the indomitable spirit of their race, they determined to see it out. They did so—the play proceeded to the end, and Macready, assuming a disguise, passed through the crowd that encompassed the building.

By this time the fury of the mob became more and more outrageous every moment, and that their evident design was to destroy the theatre, the police being inadequate to restrain them, the military, who were in readiness, were summoned to the scene. The Sheriff, after proper preliminaries, read the riot act, and ordered the military to fire—first in the air, then, if necessary—though in fact their presence was sufficient notice of this. But the attack upon them and the house still continued, a shower of paving stones and bricks being hurled, knocked down by paving stones, and then the officer in command rightly informed the civil authorities that if they were not allowed to protect themselves they would leave the ground. Accordingly they marched off, and the mob, at last, had the heads of the rioters. This having no effect, they next fired a volley into the midst of the mob, only one or two of the muskets being loaded with ball. One or two fell at this discharge, but, after retreating a short distance, the mob stood as firm as ever, and renewed their assault. Then the soldiers fired another and more fatal discharge, which did considerable execution, and put the mob completely to rout.

The number of persons who suffered by these disturbances is not accurately stated. Probably there were from thirty to fifty persons injured in all, of which number half were mortally wounded, some being killed outright. It is to be regretted that some were injured who were mere lookers on, and not at all concerned in the disturbances—but the blood of such innocent persons, lies not at the door of the authorities, or the noble citizen soldiery, but at the doors of those misguided men who tormented secretly or openly this attempt to prostrate the rights of their fellow citizens, to destroy private property, and to set at defiance the majesty of the law.

The troops having thus cleared the streets in front of the theatre, took possession, and planted cannon to command them ; the mob dispersing into various parts of the city, misrepresenting what had occurred, as is the usual custom, and swearing, in terrible vengeance against the authorities and their supporters.

On Friday the excitement was intense, and a meeting of the mobocrats was called for the evening. At that meeting, Capt. Rynders, of the Empire Club, made a speech, advising them to disperse quietly. But the notorious Mike Walsh incited the rioters to arm, and arrange themselves on the 6th ward, and then march to the Astor Place. The meeting resisted Walsh's advice with great enthusiasm, but the authorities, being fully prepared for any emergency, the night passed off peacefully.

In connection we must express our admiration of the energetic conduct of the New York authorities. Their way of putting down a mob is somewhat different from the Philadelphia mode—as shown we confess it. In this city the usual plan pursued is this—not to put down the mob, but to put down those who offend the mob. Under precisely similar circumstances to those in New York, our authorities would probably have closed the theatre ; and thus prevented the mob, by becoming a cat's paw to it. But if by some miracle this course had not been pursued, the military would ever have been in readiness, the theatre would have been burned down, and perhaps one or two private dwellings with it, and probably some fifty or sixty lives ultimately lost before the turmoil of outrage, allowed to acquire such fierce headway, could be effectually checked.

And it is by introducing such principles, by allowing them to have their course, that new outrages are engendered. The first attempt at riot sternly put down, riotous spirits will beware of lightly entering upon a second trial. We know human life is a sacred thing, but we also know that law and order and individual rights, are more sacred. The authorities of Philadelphia have never resorted to the military until the very last moment ; but on lives have been saved in consequence of their timid and foolish forbearance. No, numbers of lives, and thousands of dollars of property, have been lost because our public men have been unworthy of the high duties entrusted to them ; because they were afraid *to* to take the responsibility."

It is said that the New York troops fired too soon, that they fired too high, that they fired too low, &c., &c. Grant that they did err in some degree, that they did not fire precisely at the right moment, or just at the right level,—how long will you find men willing to fight for law and order, if you condemn them sternly for the slightest excess of judgment ? Honor to the citizen soldier who puts life and reputation in peril at the call of the civic authorities ! As his conduct is hasty and ungenerous, let your judgment of him be equally ungenerous. As not echoes of the vile shoutings of a mob, at any crowd. Wait till his side can be heard, in all cases. And if, under the strong excitement of his position, he has not acted precisely as cool judgment would have dictated, do not take advantage of his little error, to whitten the fault into great fact. Oh, when we behold men of intelligence and worth, giving ear and currency to the meanest rumors, the vagruest charges, against those who are peralling life and reputation for the sake of order and law, we almost lose for the moment our faith in the capacity of man for self-government, and grow sick at heart.

As to this New York riot, is it not disgraceful that a whole community should be excited by the private quarrel of two players ? We care not whether Macready is innocent or guilty of having thwarted Mr. Forrest in his English tour. If he was guilty, the latter had an opportunity for a noble revenge. Certainly we might expect from one of a profession whose business is the utterance of magnanimous and generous thoughts, something magnanimous and generous. If Macready forgot in England what was due to a friendless stranger, that is no reason why Mr. Forrest should be equally forgetful in America. But, in any event, what have the public of New York to do with these private quarrels ? Why should they tag themselves on behind the wagon of these theatrical kites ? —Macready had a right to play in New York, and those that wished to, had a right to hear him. As a matter of law, a spectator has no more *right* to disturb the audience in a theatre than in a church. When he is admitted, it is with the understanding that he is admitted, as well to hear, not to disturb the performances, and prevent others from hearing. If he thinks the principal actor has behaved meanly in any respect, he is not forced to patronize him ; and if the whole community think so, he will not be patronized, and of course will soon cease playing. But no one has a right, because he dislikes Macready, to prevent others from going to hear him.

We care not, therefore, whether Mr. Forrest's charges are true or false. The law and the rights of individuals must be sustained, and private property protected, in either case. We regret indeed the necessary loss of *life* ; but we would have regretted far more the triumph of the mob. As it is, a grave and serious responsibility for this outbreak and its lamentable consequences rests somewhere. And if it be, that any one man could by his single word have prevented this riot—without the least sacrifice of principle or of any noble feeling on his part—that man, in forbearing to speak that word, has incurred in the sight of Heaven and the United States. It was mainly the *prestige* of his name that led to his election ; and in this the French threw down the gauntlet to the Allies. Louis Napoleon has been heard to say :—" France has yet got to make her political education." It is a capital thing that universal suffrage has been established, because the people now having the power, will not give it up. To show the power of the Bonaparte name, it should be mentioned that in the last election, a clergyman received in one of the Districts at least 12,000 votes, because his first name was Napoleon. Berryer is the first speaker in France. *Molé* is also a very eminent man. Among the cities noticed, was Avignon, where the Popes resided for seventy years, during what they called the " Babylonish Captivity," and here is a relic of the Inquisition—an old dungeon, on the walls of which Prisoners who were cast there by heroes, engraved inscriptions by the prisoners, such as : " How long, oh, Lord !" &c., before they were burnt at the stake. These were truly affecting. Lyons, Rhoims, Dijon, Strasburg, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Rouen, and all the chief cities were noticed—but all these must have to Paris. Where a Frenchman has seen Paris, he thinks he has seen all the world. The great capital is surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, not for the purposes of fortification, but to force people to go through the gates, and pay the octroy, or taxes due for their entrance. The fortifications were described. Paris is built of stone, taken from quarries beneath the Southern part of the city, in which columns were left to support the superincumbent earth, and these caverns have since been the depositaries of human bones from the cemeteries. They are now called the catacombs. Over the entrance was lately to be seen the infidel inscription of the first Revolution : " Death is an Eternal Sleep." St Denis, six miles from Paris, in the Westminster Abbey of France, in which many of her kings are buried. The population of Paris is about 1,000,000. The ancient town on an island in the Seine, was called by the Romans " Lottitia Parisii," (mud town of the Parisians.)—The Churches, Palaces, the Morgue, (place for exposing the dead bodies that are found,) for recognition, the Prisons, Garden of Plants, where Cuvier lived, and taught the Natural Sciences, the Pantheon, Polytechnic School (military) with 500 students, the Medical Law Schools, the Sorbonne, Luxembourg, Garden of Louis Blanc—Observatory, where Arago is to be found—the Institute, Hall, Number of Deputies—Hotel of the Invalides, with 7,000 old soldiers and officers, where the coffin of Napoleon is to be seen—the Military School, Champ de Mars, Tuilleries, Louvre, Gallery of Painting, Place d'Armes, Place de la Concorde, with an obelisk brought from Egypt in the centre —the place where the guillotine was erected in the first Revolution, and where the father of Louis Philippe and Louis XVI. were both beheaded, were all pointed out on a superb semi-circular plan, by Dr. B. Also the main streets of Paris, and the spots where the chief scenes and events of the recent revolution occurred, and particularly of he dreadful outbreak of June last—were all made familiar to the audience. The lecturer described

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

We find, in a recent number of Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser, the following complimentary notice of " The Methodist Preacher," a narrative recently published in the Post :

An article depicting the lights and shadows of missionary life, occupies a space in this day's Advertiser larger than is usually allotted in these columns to one article. But I persuade myself there is no reader of any sensibility or taste, who commences its reading, that will not read it through and find it interesting to the last. It is the first of a series of pictures on this subject, which will remind my readers of the exquisite simplicity and gushing tenderness of *Goldsmith* or *Eschekke*.

ATTENTION.

We respectfully call the attention of our readers to the advertisement headed " *Notices to Capitalists*," &c.

ETHER AND CHLOROFORM

The Committee on Obstetrics, appointed at the meeting of the American Medical Convention, in this city, about a year ago, recently made a report to the same Convention, which was held this year in Boston. In this report they take decided ground in favor of administration in childbirth. They say that *" it has been used in thousands of cases, and in no one instance has the slightest injury resulted to the mother."* Moreover, they give it as their deliberate opinion, *that the chances of a patient's recovery are greatly increased by administration*, and they say that *prostration may not only* be given in all cases of labor, but they may not *rightfully be withheld.*

In relation to this subject of etherization, a thought has occurred to us, relative to the objection which strikes many minds of its being contrary to nature. What, at first view, could appear more unnatural and dangerous than Vaccination ? And yet it has now become an almost universal practice, and has undoubtedly saved the lives of hundreds of thousands. This, too, in the face of the most violent opposition at first from a large majority of both physicians and clergymen.

In relation to Inoculation, the same might be said, both as to unnaturalness and the opposition it met with. A paragraph now before us says :—" Not only was the whole medical profession opposed to it, but further, as Mere tells us, in his sermons, sung work on Inoculation, ' some zealous churchmen, conceiving that it was repugnant to religion, thought it their duty to interfere. They wrote and preached that Inoculation was a daring attempt to interrupt the eternal decree of Providence.' " Lord Warneliffe, in his Life of Lady Wortly Montague, says ' that the clergy descanted from their pulpits on its impiety. A Mr. Massy preached in 1722, in St Andrew's Church, Holborn, that all who inflamed their veins from mere wantonness deserved, and that Inoculation was a diabolical invention of Satan.' And one of the Rectors of Canterbury, the Rev. Theodore de la Fayre, perhaps exceeded this in a sermon preached in 1751, for he denounced, with horror, Inoculation, as the offspring of hell and atheism, and drew a touching parallel between the virtue of resignation to the Divine Will, and its practice."

When we thus see what *mistakes* have been made in former times in similar respects, we hesitate to allow any crude opinions about unnaturalness, necessary pain, &c., to interfere to prevent the full and fair trial of an allowed new discovery.

In relation to the subject of Chloroform generally, a report was made to the same Convention by the *Committee on Surgery*. The Boston Traveller says :

A large portion of the report was devoted to a consideration of the great improvement in surgery which the discovery and introduction of anæsthetic agents had enabled them to adopt. Chloroform, the report says, is the most powerful agent of the kind known, and care should be taken in administering it to be perfectly sure that the equipment and skill required for the purpose. It has been administered to millions of subjects, and we have but fifteen cases of authenticated deaths supervening from its use. Alarm, therefore, on the subject is needless. Much more cause is there for alarm, much more reason to apprehend a fatal termination in taking an ordinary railroad journey, than in inhaling chloroform, at the hands of a judicious and careful practitioner.

It is unadmissable, the report says, to proceed with a surgical operation in dangerous cases, without the use of chloroform, because safety and immunity from pain are secured. It should not be used where there is a disease of the heart, and in inhalation care should be taken that atmospheric air be mixed with the chloroform. Inhalation should stop the moment that insensibility is attained. Prof. Simpson has published his opinion that one hundred lives have been preserved by the use of chloroform where one has been lost by it. He further says, that the mortality where chloroform is used, is much less than in similar cases where it is dispensed with.

In careful hands, chloroform is an invaluable agent. The author of the report has administered it *thirty-four* times to one patient, a young woman, to the extent of complete insensibility, without any unpleasant results. Prof. Mott, of New York, has performed operations which he would not have attempted without the aid of chloroform. The reading of the report occupied one hour, and was received with the closest attention and marks of probation. It was referred to the Committee on Publication.

It appears from the above that the use of chloroform is daily gaining ground. It was to be expected that certain results would first arise from its use, especially as every dentist had begun to administer it. But we are pleased to see that it is now found as valuable, in the hands of scientific men, for surgical and other purposes, as it was believed to be when its discovery first was heralded wi h notes of exultation to the world.

FALSE DOCTRINE.

The editor of one of the Philadelphia Dailies, who was in New York at the time of the late riot, writes home as follows :

" I agree further, that the whole affair might have been prevented. Even in Philadelphia, *which has been remarkable for riots*, when public places have been threatened by an excited populace, order was given to close them, as in the case of Burton, and in the case at the Pennsylvania Hall. We all remember, when Mr. Wood, of the Philadelphia and Chesnut Street Theatre a few years ago, when a riot was threatened, in consequence of an attempt to play a drama founded on the Mercer tragedy.

" The authorities may thus sometimes have failed to save the property, but they always avoided exposing the people."

We have alluded in another article to the custom of the Philadelphia authorities to make themselves cat's paws of the mob, but as the subject is of very great importance, a few comments upon the above extract may not be superfluous. It is true that *Philadelphia has been remarkable for riots*," but this is rather a reason why the authorities of other cities should not follow her example. We do not remember the case of Burton, but in that of the Pennsylvania Hall, the closing of the building encouraged the mob, instead of having the effect to disperse it ; for, after the mob had burned it on one evening it was closed, directly after the Mayor had made his famous speech, flattering the rioters and calling them " his police."

As to the closing of the Chesnut Street Theatre, on the occasion mentioned, though we believe the theatre was not closed, but the piece simply prohibited, it was on account of an objectionable play being announced, and therefore a proceeding of an entirely different character.

But the last paragraph of the above extract strikes us as the most false and dangerous. Why may these sometimes have failed to save the property, but they *always succeeded securing the people.*" In the name of all that is republican, what does our contemporary mean by such language ? Are the authorities to protect men in the enjoyment of their legal rights, when those rights are assessed, or are they not ? " Existing the people," indeed ! Why the people must learn not to get excited simply because their neighbors are exercising their constitutional rights. Why, if a mob of one man was to give as a reason for burning another's house, the latter's opinions and behaviour excited him beyond all self-control—but why should we excuse that in a hundred, which is ridiculous in each one of them. It is the very business of the authorities to restrain excited men in the enjoyment of their fellow citizens. And when they not only abandon the duty, but become themselves the agents to violate the most sacred rights, they are false to their oaths of office, and to their high and important trusts.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers in Europe are not so cheap as in this country. The London Times, a daily paper, costs $45 a year. The same rate is charged for the Morning Chronicle, Daily News, Globe, Herald and Post. The London Evening Mail is published three times a week, at $27 a year. The London seven weeklies $16 56 per annum, and weeklies at $12 and $9. The French daily papers, the large ones, are about the same price as the London papers ; those about the half of our penny papers cost $20 and $25 per annum. The German dailies cost from $22 to $36 per annum.

Let every American read the above, and think what enterprising and deserving men American publishers must be, to afford the public daily newspapers at five and eight dollars, and *good* weekly ones at two dollars a year. Let him also think what that subscriber merits, who, in the face of these facts, neglects or refuses to pay the trifle charged in this country for a paper. We consider it the kindest prayer that we can possibly make for our delinquent subscribers, that they may not get what they *deserve*.

VERDICT OF CORONER'S JURY

The verdict of the Coroner's Jury, in the New York riot case, is as follows :

The Jury believe, under all the circumstances, that the military were justifiable in firing upon the mob at the Astor Place Opera House on the night of Thursday, the 10th of May, thereby causing the deaths of a number of persons who were directly or indirectly engaged in said riot. The jury also expressed an opinion that had a larger police force been called out in season, the loss of life might have been avoided.

Our opinion as to the last sentence of the above, is, that if sufficient, but only a large police force had been called out, the police would have been stoned off the ground, the Theatre burnt, the Hotel where Macready lodged, and perhaps one or two private houses also burnt ; and after all this, the military would have had to be called out, and perhaps as fifty or sixty lives taken before order could be restored. We come to this conclusion from what we have seen of riots in this city.

THE USURY LAWS.

Our readers know that we have protested upon several occasions, against a repeal of the Usury Laws. The following testimony as to a trial of their repeal in the State of Indiana, we find in one of our contemporaries :

From a letter from the Hon. W. W. Wick, late member of Congress from Indiana, we learn that the Usury Laws having been repealed in that State, there re-establishment was called for by an overwhelming majority, in which both political parties concurred. The first step was to fix the rate of interest at six per cent., and to sanction contracts for ten per cent. In two or three years the taking of more than six per cent. was prohibited. " The moral desolation," says Mr. Wick, " created by the absence of Usury Laws, will not easily pass away, and is not confined to any one county, to an extent almost infinitely beyond the mere ruin of estate."

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

An article depicting the lights and shadows of missionary life, occupies a space in this day's Advertiser larger than is usually allotted in these columns to one article. But I persuade myself there is no reader of any sensibility or taste, who commences its reading, that will not read it through and find it interesting to the last. It is the first of a series of pictures on this subject, which will remind my readers of the exquisite simplicity and gushing tenderness of *Goldsmith* or *Eschekke*.

ATTENTION.

We respectfully call the attention of our readers to the advertisement headed " *Notices to Capitalists*," &c.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

We are indebted for an increase in our subscription list this week, to friends in West Fairfield, New Holland and Lancaster, Pennsylvania ; Otego, and Victory, New York ; Smyrna, Michigan ; Jonesboro, Illinois ; Sesquentaville, New Jersey ; Newby's Bridge, North Carolina ; and Coshville, Ohio. Also for a second increase to friends in Quakertown, Pennsylvania ; Amherst, Massachusetts ; and Ludegg, Indiana. Also for a *third* increase to friends in Frankfort, Kentucky ; Wheeling, Virginia ; and Pendelton, Tennessee. Also, for entirely new lists of friends to Armington, Illinois ; Tyler's Port, and Holland, Pennsylvania ; and Duff's Forks, Ohio. Also to old friends at a variety of places, for remembering that as we endeavor to do the fair thing by our subscribers, we expect them to do the same by us.

T. D. A. says : " I have taken the ——— for the last *eight* years, but now I have given it up for something better, and that is the Post." We would inform T. D. A. that numbers of others are in the habit of doing this ; the paper he has left is not what once it was.

J. A. J. says : " If your subscribers would use some exertion, your list would soon swell to one hundred thousand." We have no reason to complain of our subscribers, friend J. Our only claim upon them is their good will, and many of those are doing so much for *us*, that our march is steadily onward. It will take time, but we think we will reach the one hundred thousand mark yet, one of these days. Then for a great glorification of some kind or other.

LITTLE LEHIGH.

It is a favorite phrase among Pennsylvania politicians, just about election times, that " *Lehigh will be heard from*," the saying originating, we believe, with an active politician of the little city, who for varied, once upon a time, a fifty dollar note to a committee of the same party, at Lehigh, with a letter containing the injunction in question—" *Lehigh must do better.*"

It appears, however, from a recent article in the " Allentown Democrat," that Lehigh is now doing so well,—though in a moral, not political sense—that she cannot fairly be expected to do much " better." The Democrat says that in charging the Grand Jury recently, Judge Jones paid a high compliment to the moral character of the inhabitants of Lehigh, by saying that it was a subject worthy of remark, that for a period of *nine months* not a single criminal trial had been brought before the Court of Quarter Sessions of that county. Such an instance rarely occurs in a district containing thirty thousand inhabitants ; and we trust that we now shall hear no more of that famous phrase, " *Lehigh must do better.*"

ANECDOTES.

Of course all the wounded in the New York riot were " mere lookers on," according to their own story. Some, however, were—but the following anecdotes are somewhat to the point. They are told by a New York paper :

Dr. Cheeseman, who performed the operation on Henry Burgoyt, before commencing said,— " Friends, if your countryment prefer taxing, dullness, decency, I cannot blame a *professor* for consulting their taste.

Upon this question the aforesaid Philadelphia Daily remarks, gravely :

The Boston Courier may approve of Macauley's spelling, but what will they say of his grammar ?

It appears that our contemporary, by the way it has italicized Macauley's paragraph, imagined that the word " *their*" refers to " *publishers*," and not, as it really does, to " *countrymen*." Our friends should " take up" Lindley Murray, grammar in hand, upon such a scholar as Macauley.

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

This new coin is at length issued. It is pretty, but too tiny for general use—being only about two-thirds the size of a five cent piece. It will be useful for remittances, however—and that is the reason that some of the papers have gone into such ecstacies over it. Hitherto, when sent remitted by country subscribers, are often below par. Silver half dollars and dollars are much preferable, however, to the new coin, for pocket purposes. And therefore the best use to which our readers can put the Gold Dollar, is to send it across, after g

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851.

A COMMUNITY EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Cabet, one of the French Socialists, published in the St. Louis Republican, a statement of the operations and plans of the Icarians at Nauvoo, from which we take the following:

As the director and gerant of the Society, I have purchased in my name, but for the Society, the temple, the arsenal, and eleven acres of land surrounding them. In the arsenal we have established five work-shops for carpenters, tanners, coopers, wagon-makers and smiths. We have also in another building excellent work shops for tailors and shoemakers. Besides which we have in another building on the banks of the Mississippi a foundry, and we shall there establish a saw mill, flour-mill, and a distillery, and also our engineers. We have rented farms of land where we have dug coal. We have purchased horses, and shall soon have all the other cattle necessary; we have our butchery and bakery. As for the temple, which was burned last year, and of which only the four walls remain, our intention is to re-establish it if we mead the support necessary to warrant such an operation. We shall maintain its present form, and surround the roof by a terrace from which will be seen one of the finest views in the world; and in the building we can have our refectory, with kitchens for one thousand persons, all the work-shops for our women, our schools, our library, our assembly rooms, and our offices, and lodgings for five hundred persons, with a room for each family. A handsome garden and promenade will occupy the four acres of ground which surround the temple.

Respecting our system of social and political organization, at present I will only say that it is a community founded on Fraternity and Equality—as Education and on labor; we are Republicans desiring the Republic in its integrity, but morality is pure, founded on marriage and domestic ties. Our religion is Christianity in its primitive form, and resumed in the principle, "love thy neighbor as thyself." We are the friends and the brethren of all men of all nations; we do not desire to enrich ourselves at the expense of any, but to insure our happiness by our labor, and to unite our interests with those of our neighbors, by giving increased activity to industry, agriculture and commerce. We are determined not to interfere in any manner with any of the questions which divide the public mind in America. While we desire the welfare of our native country, we desire also that of our new country which will receive us kindly. And if I say to one brethren, come! many a very great number, will certainly be disposed to answer my call.

We are perfectly willing—aye, rather desirous—that these communist gentlemen should make a fair trial of their plan. If they can prove that man can succeed better in closer communities than the present ones of towns, states and nations—better not only as relates to mere pecuniary prosperity, but in the respects of intelligence, morality and welfare—it will be much gained to the world. If, as we believe, the experiment will result in proving exactly the reverse, it will be something gained to the Icarians and other similar dreamers, and thus also be indirectly an advantage to mankind.

THE MUSEUM.

The Museum (Masonic Hall) is growing fast in public favor. The performances are as unexceptionable as theatricals can possibly be. We stopped in the other evening and saw the farce of "*The Hunchback of Richland*," one of the best things in that line we ever witnessed. The audience was large and respectable.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 126—adults 68, and children 58.

Religious News.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

Last week was Anniversary week in New York. We give the following summary of the meetings, which, judging by the reports in the papers, were unusually interesting:

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY held its 24th Anniversary at the the Broadway Tabernacle. Hon. Chief Justice Williams presiding.

From the Report it appeared that the Society had circulated, during the year, 734,604 volumes, 7,209,000 publications, including 234,400,000 pages; gratuitously the last year, 47,800,225 pages.

The receipts of the year, in donations, had been $54,081, and for sales, $164,215. The amount paid out for paper, printing, binding, engraving, translating and copyrights, $119,377; for presses, $2,763; for colporteurs, (at $150 a year,) $36,100; for distribution in foreign and papal lands, $6,100.

The Society have employed, the last year, 189 colporteur; (including 100 College and Seminary students of ten different denominations, during their vacations.)

The colporteurs have visited 341,021 families—conversed on personal religion or prayed with 174,607 families; addressed 12,623 public meetings, sold 7,000 religious books, and given to the destitute 98,811 besides 17,274 Bibles and Testaments.

The foreign distributions (to the amount of $14,000,) have been made chiefly through the Missionary agents of other Societies, of various denominations, in Canada, Denmark, India, Africa, Russia, Italy, the Sandwich Islands, and other regions needing the aid of Christian philanthropy.

THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its 22d Anniversary on Wednesday evening week. It has had in its service, the last year, 1,011 missionaries, of the Gospel, in twenty-six different States and Territories. The number of congregations supplied, in whole or in part, is 1,561. Sixty five Missionaries, in their recent communications, speak of interesting revivals of religion.

The receipts of the year were $113,927.—exceeding those of the preceding year by $6,726.

During its twenty-three years' labor, this Society has been the means of planting the Gospel on all the great lines of emigration and trade, in the West, and sits seats at fourfeeds of important interior points.

The METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY sustains important Missions in Africa, China, South America, Oregon, and among our Indian tribes, and the German, Swedish and other foreign and domestic population of our country. Its receipts for the year amounted to $81,045. Its expenditures to $100,710. The Society was eloquently addressed by Rev. Dr. Durbin, Mr. Lane and others.

It was stated that a young lady of eighteen, unasked, had contributed $1,000 to the funds of this Society.

THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY held its 21st Anniversary at the Tabernacle. Sailors' Homes are considered indispensable auxiliaries to the cause. 12,000 have been entertained at the "Sailor's Home" of Capt. Richardson, of this city, during a period of seven years. The receipts of the Society, during the year, have been $18,387; expenditures, $18,307. Many cases of the conversion of seamen were recounted.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS held, on Monday afternoon, a business meeting. The abstract of the 12th Annual Report states that, during the past year, the receipts have been $110,981 94—expenditures, $110,297 34. Of various newspaper publications the Board have issued 42,750 copies during the year. They have sent 21 new Missionaries into their fields of labor among the Indian tribes and in Africa, India, Siam, China, Europe and the Jews. There are now 70 Missionary preachers and teachers, besides native teachers and catechists. Eleven churches have been built at Missionary stations, and three are now in process of erection. Seventy-five are employing the Holy Scriptures.

FOREIGN EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.—The 10th Anniversary was celebrated in Dr. Sutton's church. The Annual Report presented the following statistics:

The receipts of the year, in donations, had been $24

Selected Poetry.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seems to us but dim funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation—safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air!
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not in a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anger long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Life on the Frontier.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

that little examination was made of the bones. We gathered them together to carry them home to his family, and in doing this I noticed the fracture of a bullet through the back of the skull. It had been stripped bare of flesh, and the eyes plucked out by the birds, and was the shocking an object for close examination. But what puzzled all parties most was the discovery, a short distance off, of the trail of a third horse. Now, there was perhaps not a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, and certainly no one in my company. Suspicion is never thought of, being unnecessary where there are no stones.—This was as perfect a poser as even Henry's story, and threw yet a greater air of inexplicability around the affair! It was thought that this track might be traced to any distance—but after worrying about it for some hours, gave it up in despair, and the Regulators, fatigued and disheartened, scattered for their respective homes.

But one of their number never reached his. Being missed for two days, there was a general turnout to look for him; and as had been the case with Stoner, his body was found torn to pieces by the wolves. But, unlike that case, that he, too, was shot through the back of the head.

These murders, and the singular circumstances accompanying them, created great sensation. Hinch and his troops scoured the country in every direction, arresting and lynching suspicious persons, as they termed them. Others, whose characters fellow'd, hung and cut down four or five times, to make him confess; but nothing was elicited, and they left him with nearly a spark of life.

That evening, as they were returning to their head-quarters at the stone, one of them, named Wilmer, shot a deer, and left his horse for the purpose, which had become accidentally detached. He said he had observed it in its place a mile back,—that he would return to get it, and rejoin them at the store, by the time they should be ready to commence the spree they had determined on going into that night. He left them, and never returned. They soon got drunk, and, not particularly noticing his absence, until some time the next day, when his family, alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to inquire after him. This sort of inquiries had come to be so significant of late, that they were instantly sobered, and mounting, rode back over their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thicket ahead, designated the whereabouts of the object of their search; and there they found his fleshless bones scattered on every side. They were appalled. The reddest-blooded cheek among them blanched! It was too much. Again, there stood the gaunt spectre of their number dead and torn to pieces within ten days, and yet not the slightest clue to the relentless and invisible foe, but that ghostly story of Henry's, and the tracks which only served to baffle them! It must be some dread supernatural agency that was at work. They shivered. They quailed, while the great drops started from their foreheads, and without thinking for any trail, or even gathering up the bones, they started back at full speed, spreading the alarm everywhere. The excitement now became universal and tremendous. Nearly the whole country turned out for the purpose of unearthing the astounding mystery; and the superstitious frenzy was in no small degree heightened by the report, that this man had been shot in the same way as the others,—in the back of the head!

These incidents were all so unaccountable, that I even I felt no little sympathy with the popular assertions of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted that it was a maniac; and to account for the peculiar dexterity of his escapes and whole management, related many anecdotes of the proverbial cunning of madmen—the wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were now afloat among the people concerning this deadly and subtle foe of the Regulators for it was now universally believed and remarked, that it was against them alone that his enmity was directed. The story of Henry was greatly improved upon and added to; and, as some reports had it, the Madman,—as others, the Bearded Ghost, was seen in half-a-dozen places at the same time,—now on foot, skulking in enormous strides across some open glance from thicket—pausing out of sight again before the observer could recover from his surprise,—then mounted, he was seen flying like the shadow of a summer cloud over the prairies, or beneath the gloom of forests, always haggard and lean, frenzied in mien with the hair on, and that long, heavy, terrible rifle on his shoulder! I noticed that there was only one class of men who ventured to assert that they had actually seen with their own eyes these wonderful sights, and that was constituted of those who either had suffered, or from their characters were considered to be most likely to suffer persecution from the Regulators—the class of honest emigrants. These men were most industrious in embellishing all circumstances of character, feats, and relentless hatred to the Regulators, as highly as the excited credulity of the public would receive them. They never saw him except in the vicinity of the homes of some one of these hated tyrants! In their versions the being was for ever hovering around them, waiting the moment to strike while they were alone and far from any help.

They carried this thing so far as to attract attention to it, and arouse in the cunning mind of Hinch the same suspicion which had occurred to Henry and myself, namely, that all this was the result of a profoundly acute and thoroughly organized scheme of this class headed by some man of peculiar personalities and consummate skill, with the object of exterminating or driving off the Regulators. It seemed impossible, that, without collusion with many others, the murderer should have been able to so baffle all pursuit. Hinch and his band had been thoroughly cowed and awed; but the moment the idea occurred to them, the reaction of their base fears was savage exultation.

Here was something tangible, their open and united force could easily exterminate an enemy who had acknowledged their weakness in resorting to secret combination and assassination from "the bush!" They forthwith proclaimed "war to the knife," with the whole class; and during the next week several outrages to revolting that I will not detail them, were perpetrated upon these men in different parts of the county; and the fact that, during this general tumult, nothing more was seen or heard of the mysterious Ridsome, encouraged them with the belief that they had succeeded in getting rid of him through the intimidation of his confederates.

They had now been for nearly a fortnight in the saddle—had glutted themselves with vengeance, and, as they conceived, broken down this dangerous conspiracy against their power; and if they had not succeeded in driving and punishing, had at least frightened off their singular foe. They now concluded, they might safely disband. That day, after they separated, one of their number, named Rom—almost as bad and savage a man as Hinch himself—was riding past a thicket, in sight of his own house, when he was shot from it. His negroes heard the gun, and seeing his horse galloping up to the house riderless and snorting wildly, they then ran down, and found him stretched in the road dead, *He was shot in the eye*, and the ball passed out at the back of his head.

When Hinch heard this, he turned perfectly livid, his knees smote together, and with a horrible oath, he exclaimed, "It's Jack Long, or his ghost, by G—! come back for vengeance!" It was now perceived, for the first time that all the men had been shot through the eye, instead of in the back of the head, where the ball had passed out after entering at the socket. The other heads had been too unpleasantly mutilated for examination, and this fact had not been before observed. Of course, every body was satisfied now that this terrible being in one way or another was identified with Jack Long; for the notoriety of his favorite mark and his marvellous skill instantly occurred to all, as accounting for much that was unaccountable in these occurrences. This produced a great change in public feeling. The better sort began to conceive that they understood the whole matter. The lynching Jack had received was fresh in their memories, and they supposed that its severity had shaken his mental balance and made him a monomaniac, and that the disease had endowed him with the marvellous cunning—the staunch, murderous hate—and the unnatural appearance, which had created such sensation. They could not understand how a being so simple-hearted and sluggish as he was reputed to have been, could have been roused or stung to such deeds by the mere death and power of his natural passions But monomaniac or not, such a vengeance, and the daring conduct of the whole affair, were very imposing to their associations and prepossessions, and they sympathized heartily with him. It was only while in the ground uncertainty left every man in doubt whether his person might not be next the object of this murderous aim, that the public were disposed to back the Rangers in whatever violent measures they might choose to resort to, to drag the secret to light, and the actor to punishment; but now that it was apparent his whole hate was levelled against the Rangers, and all that uncertainty was confined to them, he devil, ghost, madman, or Jack Long, the public had no intention of interfering again. It was a personal issue between him and them—they might settle it between themselves if they liked. Men felt in their inmost hearts that every man of the ten engaged in the lynching of Jack Long deserved a dozen times over to be shot; and now they looked on coolly, rather enjoying the thing, and earnestly hoping that Jack might have the best of it.

And of this there seemed to be a strong probability, for the Regulators made only one more attempt to get together; but another of their number being killed on his way to the rendezvous, his body bearing that well known and fearful signature of skill, the remaining five, perfectly unnerved and overwhelmed with terror, retreated to their houses, and scarcely dared for several weeks to put their head outside their own doors.

The class to which Jack had belonged, at least those of them who had managed to keep a footing during the relentless proscription of the Regulators, now began to look up, and hinted that they had known of Jack's return from the time of Stoner's murder, and had aided and abetted his purpose in every way in their power; furnishing him with fresh horses when the noble animal he rode back from the States became fatigued; assisting his flights and concealments, and furnishing him with information, as well as spreading the exaggerated stories about him. One bold old fellow remarked:

"You are fools who talk about Jack's being crazy! He's as calm and cold as a frosty morning up in old Kentuck; and his head is as clear as a bell! He's just got his Indian fightin' and Tory hatin' blood waked up in him by them stripes!—That's a blood you know that's dangerouser than a catamount when he gets riled.

Jack was now frequently seen, but it was known that his work was only half done, and that he meant to finish it, and he was regarded with great curiosity and awe. The five wretched men were entirely unstrung and panic stricken. They made no attempt to assemble, but all their forces seemed to lie in the effort to get out of his reach. That long heavy rifle haunted them day and night. They saw its muzzle bearing on them from every bush, through the chinks of their own cabins!

One of them, named White, who was an inveterate toper, with all his terror could not resist his inclination for liquor, and after a confinement in his house of nearly three weeks, determined to risk all and go to the store and buy himself a barrel. He went in a covered wagon, driven by a negro, while he lay stretched on the bottom in the straw. The barrel of liquor was obtained—he got into the wagon—lay down beside it, and started for home. All the way he never raised his head until, near the south of his lane, a log had been placed on the side of the road which tilted up the wagon in passing over it, so as to roll the barrel on him. He forgot caution, and sprang up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and at that moment a rifle was discharged. He fell back dead—*shot through the eye!* The boy said that his master suddenly cut short his oaths, and exclaimed, "There he is!"—at the moment the gun fired. He saw a tall man with a beard hanging down on his breast and dressed in skins, making through the brush with his rifle on his shoulder.

The next man, named Garnet about two weeks after this got up one morning about sun-rise, and in his shirt sleeves stepped to his door and threw it open to breathe the fresh air. He was then rubbing his eyes, being about half asleep; and when he got well awake enough to open them, there stood the giant, side a tree in the yard—the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should see him distinctly. He did see him—but it was his last look! The bullet went crashing through his brain, too! Long is said to have told one of his friends that he never in a single instance failed to see the man kill he was certain the man saw and recognized him fully.

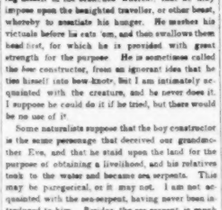
All were gone now but Hinch and the two youngest men of the party, Williams and Davis. The two latter were permitted to escape. Whether it was from relenting on the part of the dread avenger, or that he had incurred some fearful thing in their demeanor on the occasion of the outrage for which thus punishing, which recommended them to his mercy, now that his resentment had so deeply drunk of the bitter delight of atonement,—or that it his anxiety to secure Hinch, he confined his efforts and watchfulness to him alone—I do not know. They must have learned and secret safe of their security, and cleared out during the night. But it was for Hinch he had with passionless calculation reserved the most inconceivable torture. He had passed him by all this time, while one after the other he struck down the tools and companions of his crimes. He deemed him to see them lurking around him with the certain knowledge that the avenging hate which slew them burned with ten fold intensity for his line—that it must and would have it! But when would the claim be made? Should he be the next one? No! But them each succeeding death, so sure to take one of their number, drove away every sophistry of hope, and left to him in later and crueler horror that his own fate was as fixed as theirs. As each one fell away the circle of doom narrowed—slowly, steadily closing in about him. Soon there would be no one left but him! How could he call an hour his own? When could he feel safe? That relentless destiny had baffled them all! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, strong men had all gone down before that fearful rifle—*every one of them shot through the eye!*—God of Heaven!—and the sharp agony would spangle keen points of burning light through his brain, as if the ball were already bursting through the socket! "I, too, must be shot through the eye!" Horror!—it was worse than ten thousand deaths, and he died them in lingering tortures told over day by day.

From the time of Rees' death he looked a changed and stricken man. In a few weeks he had lost a great deal of flesh, and became grievously haggard—his eyes and gait and voice were all humble. His turbulent and fierce animality faded before the harrowing suspense of this fear. The bully and murderous ruffian trembled at the rustling of a leaf—His own imagination became his hell—and hungry remorse grew stronger and stronger with beating at his heart! He never left his house for weeks, until the escape of Williams and Davis inspired him with some hope. He procured a fine horse, and set off one dark night for Red River! Everybody regretted his escape—for men had looked in quiet expectation upon the progress of this affair, and in strong faith that the sense of wild border justice would be gratified in seeing this stern, righteous and unparalleled vengeance consummated by the fell of Hinch—the monster instigator and chief actor in all the grievous outrages which had caused the complete-hearted Long into a demon executioner of doom.

Hinch reached the bank of the Red River—sprang from his foaming and exhausted horse after looking cautiously around and there himself upon the grass to wait for a steamboat. In two hours he heard one puffing down the stream and saw the whole wreathe of steam curling up behind the trees. How his heart bounded! Freedom, hope and life!—once more sprung through his shrivelled veins and to his lips. He signalled the vessel; she rounded to and lowered her yawl. His pulse bounded high and he gazed with absorbing eagerness at the crew as they pulled lustily towards the shore. A click—behind him! He turned with a shudder, and *there he was!* That long rifle was bearing straight upon him—those cold eyes dwelt steadily upon him for a moment—and crash! all was forever blackness to Hinch the Regulator! The men who witnessed this singular scene landed, and found him *shot through the eye!* and saw the murderer galloping swiftly away over the plain stretching out from the top of the bank! And so the vengeance was consummated, and the stern hunter had wiped out with much blood the stain of stripes on his fine limbs; and could now die, what I was told he had never done since the night of those fatal and bitterly exploited stripes, took his wife again in the eyes, and received her form to rest again upon his breast.

It was an awful deed. In view of all its circumstances, the provocation, the character of Long, the deranging influence of the outrage upon his brain, though no other indication appeared of impaired sanity—the mind is lost in uncertainty as to the judgment which should be passed upon it. He did not remain in Shelby County; but in what direction he has intended to go after returning to Arkansas for his wife and children, I could never hear. He is probably living now his old quiet and good natured life in the heart of the green wilderness,—and it is likely as not that one of those two chubby boys who rolled with him about the floor of his log cabin on that memorable night of which I have above simply related the events, and the consequences, will some of these days come to Washington from Congressional Districts beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Wit and Humor.



THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

John, uncle his tail. There, ladies *and gentlemen*, is the wonderful boy constructor—so called because he constructs many pleasing jingles with his accustomed facility. The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long lived. He lives a hundred years or more, if he don't do beforehand. He is of the wormy species, and worms himself along the ground without legs. He is capable of climbing the highest trees, which he is fond of concealing himself in their branches berore that he may impose upon the benighted traveller, or other beast, whereby to ascertain his hunger. He meshes his victuals before he eats 'em, and then swallows them head first, for which he is provided with great strength for the purpose. He is sometimes called the anaconda, (pronounced, from an ignorant idea that he ties himself into bow-knots, but I am intimately acquainted with the creature, and he never does it. I suppose he could do it if he tried, but there would be no use of it.)

Some naturalists suppose that the boy constructor is the same personage that deceived our grandmother Eve, and that he stuck around the tree last the purpose of obtaining a livelihood, and his relatives took to the water and became sea serpents. This may be parsgerical, or it may not. I am not acquainted with the sea-serpent, having never been introduced to him. Besides, the sea-serpent is much larger, though I think the boy constructor could lick him, for he is full of pluck, and very spunky. Prick him, John, and make him him. When he hisses he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him. This is because he is weak-minded, and has a small head. He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full he is good natured. But even then he is not a pleasant companion, for he is very stupid. I cannot say that I love the boy constructor, although he has brought me a good deal of money. He has a lovely skin, that he is very ugly tempered. He is very sulky and cross, and he is so spiteful it is a mercy he can't talk.

I have took care of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude. He is a glutton and likes to stuff himself, and then go to sleep. If John didn't stir him, (stir him again, John,) he would never wake. I am getting to be fetching for a lousy calf, so I thought it might be my good fortune to get some of the gold as well as any *others*."

But sir, your team cannot get there. You will neither find grass, grain, nor food for them or yourselves on the plains. It is a long, dreary road; no houses, no wood; and it will be two months yet before there will be grass enough to fill those oxen and beasts on the whole route; and, further, when the grass is up near the settlements it is a long time after before any of account will be up beyond. You can't get further to the Sierra Nevadas.

"Well, I'll stop awhile—turn in, and work till it grows."

But where will you work? There is nobody to hire, or work to do—what then? You are too far advanced to return, you cannot go ahead, and you are in a dreary desert country, without wood, water or any thing to eat, and with a wife and children looking up to you for relief and support; your team exhausted and become food for wolves, and before long yourself and family will follow your team. Thus ends the mad career of a Arkansas pioneer and family.

Next comes a company of young men from some Eastern city, with fine appearance, strength and talent, yet unacquainted with the life of an old campaigner, unused to lie on the ground, cooking, and a thousand other little incidents attending a long mountainous, dreary march. In a few nights pass-ners hold of you in every hour, minute and part, and you will scarcely able to move; yet the time has come to be up and moving ahead, another day's journey. Hunt up your oxen, yoke them, jack in your skins, go-a-whoa. Buck, Bright, yet along you friskie what are you about, old Bawley? Jip, you dog, his up—land! Gentle Annie! Jolly Jack, and these fatted horses can't budge an inch. While others are rolling on in the distance, you are stalled in the mud-holes—broke an axle, tongue—something out of fix—away you tug, sweat, fret, and tear up the ground, but all to no effect, your steers won't pull—one has a sore neck, another lame, one has given out and gone to pull in his place, and you are in a bad fix.

Mehinks I see, about the 20th of April, 1849, a thousand wagons spreading out from Independence and St Joseph, on the road towards Fort Laramie, with some three or four thousand emigrants—men, women and children—all wending their way to the gold regions of the Sacramento, straining every nerve and urging on their teams to their greatest speed, in order to be the first to arrive, the grass thinly scattered here and there, and in spots and places few and far between, the ground yet cool, the waters high, and still further ahead, the snows of the last degree. Coolly and determinedly, he went to his belt, took a "bowie," some fifteen inches long, and delivered himself thus:—Some of them time Louisianians has played tricks enough on me. Now, if any one dare, let him fetch me the one that put salt in this ere water!"

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To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a bobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

If you dream of a cinch it is a token that you will gain great credit—that is, for it.

To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise —you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream of walking barefoot, denotes a journey that will be bootless.

PHRENOLOGY.

Fights are common enough in Philadelphia,—but the causes and occasions for fighting have a charming variety. The following case is by no means a common one, and may be thought worthy of commemoration.

John Dikeman is a "practical phrenologist," and has an office, we think, in some part of the Arcade, or somewhere else in that neighborhood. Andrew Mead,—a stout middle-aged country gentleman, seeing an announcement in the philosopher's window that the character and capabilities of any man would be thoroughly sifted out for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents, entered the sanctum and submitted his poll to Philosopher Dikeman's scrutiny. The latter, after stating his terms, payment in advance, and receiving the specified sum, proceeded at once to bonanza.

"You have a very bad head, sir," said he to Mr. Mead. "A very villainous head, sir. Facial angle almost as low as that of a monkey, sir. Signifies you are very stupid, sir, and very foolish. You haven't enough constructiveness to make a pig-yoke, nor enough wit to make a conundrum; nor enough judgment to know the difference between gin-sling and cider-royal. And what's all this back here, sir? These bumps signify that you will cheat, lie, and steal worse than a Louisiana nigger. I wouldn't trust you with a four-cent piece of scrap-iron or a yard full of mill-stone. Such a scoundrelly head I never did handle since I was a professor. I suppose you come to be examined in order to know what pursuit you ought to take to. My candid opinion is that you had better start at once for California, where there's no law,—for if you stay where there's judges, juries, state-prisons, and gallows, and those sorts of things there's no chance for you."

"Why, can't I do any good at all?" asked Mead with much seeming anxiety.

"Good!—not the least," answered the philosopher. "Stop!—let me see. Combativeness large. Yes, you can fight."

"So; then I can flog an impudent humbug on occasion, I guess," said Mr. Mead.

"I suppose you might," answered Professor Dikeman.

"Well, if that's all I can do, here goes," cried Andrew, and immediately applied his fistsres to the constructive faculties of the professor's head, which soon figuratively over toward Lake Superior. Here was an affray, odd enough in its origin but quite commonplace in its termination. Mead was arrested and bound over, and the professor was supplied with another proof of his science. "For," said he, in that room I keep one of them has been tried, and proved infallible."

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A Word to the Wise.

CALIFORNIANISM IN THE WEST.

FROM THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN.

Hi, ho, for California! I say, stranger, whither bound? "To California." Not with your family? "Yes." Do you expect to get there with that old mare and colt, and those poor, weak oxen, and that old rickety wagon? "Why, I reckon so." Where did you come from? "Hiwasee District, Tennessee. I was botched up in Buncom, North Carolina, but when I grew up I moved to Hiwasee and married, but never could get ahead there, and when I heard tell of the California country, and gold to be picked up there, I sold out my improvements and took this wagon and team in payment, packed up our duds, and are on our way there. You know there's nothing lasting, pure and genuine here; you know I ought to blaspheme, because nature is nature, whether in Boston or the rude valleys of Bengal.

The boy constructor is a resident of Bengal, a far country, which produces tigers and spices, and is nearest to the sun. I have an uncle who has been to sea, and a brother who is now at sea. My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boy constructors at one time, a frolicking in the forest and eating each other up. My brother does not believe it, but then he has not seen it. My uncle may be depended upon. He was a missionary once, and has seen further than you go to a mule's tail. He is the man in the world who ever sold liquor to the boy constructor. This is the one that he gave it to. He first got him tight, and then boxed him up. The boy will never forgive him. My uncle swore part of the show. Here comes my uncle. He is the man with the nose and the gold watch. The watch was a present from the princess of the Injees —*Boston Museum.*

WHO SALTED THE SEA?

The following scene is reported to have occurred on board a steamer carrying detachments of Alabama and Louisiana troops to the Mexican war — It is a capital joke

One tall volunteer from the pine land of Alabama was unhappy for the want of employment. He was constantly asking "for something to do." It occurred to him that he might, as he expressed it, "take a good wash." He was a tall, lank fellow, with a stocky head of dry, grassy hair, hanging down to his shoulders. With a deliberation consistent with an idle sea voyage, he commenced rubbing the bottom soap of the ship into his hair and skin with commendable vehemence. He had cause to take a great deal of pains, for he observed to himself "that he had an acre of barrack mud on him."

It must be observed that all the while the vessel was blowing her fair out into the sea, and by this time the Mortissippi water in the wash tubs had become exhausted, and he threw his bucket over the vessel's side to replenish his basin.

The first dash he made was at his head; the tuppentine of the soap and the saline of the water soon formed a chemical com-bination, and the salty brine began to penetrate the pores of his cuticle, in its usual resembling tar. Two or three rakes of the fingers through the hair elevated it upright on the Alabamian's head, stiff as the quill of a porcupine. That's another trick played upon me," said the unwashed, in a rage, his hair still growing denser. At this moment the water dripped on his face, and he commenced spitting, as if possessed to the last degree. Coolly and determinedly, he went to his belt, took a "bowie," some fifteen inches long, and delivered himself thus — Some of them time Louisianians has played tricks enough on me. Now, if any one dare, let him fetch me the one that put salt in this ere water!"

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Selected Articles.

THE DEAD SEA.

We extract from Lieut. Lynch's forthcoming Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, the following account of the first view which the party had of the Dead Sea,

"A fresh North West wind was blowing as we rounded the point. We endeavored to steer a little to the North of West, to make a true West course, and there the patent log overboard to measure the distance; but the wind rose so rapidly that the boats could not keep head to wind, and we were obliged to haul the log in. The sea continued to rise with increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces; and while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was above all exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first, but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed as if their bows were encountering the sledge hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea.

"At 3.50, passed a piece of drift-wood and soon after saw three swallows and a gull. At 4.30, the wind blew so fiercely that the boats could make no headway, not even the Fanny Skinner, which was nearly to the weather shore, and we drifted rapidly to leeward, threw over some of the fresh water, to lighten the Fanny Mason, which labored very much, and I began to fear that both boats would founder.

"At 5.40, finding that we were losing every moment and that, with the lapse of each succeeding one, the danger increased, kept away for the northern shore, in the hope of being yet able to reach it, our arms, our clothes and skins coated with a greasy salt, and our eyes, lips, and nostrils, smarting excessively. How delightful was the scene before the submerging of the plain, which was even as the garden of the Lord!

"At 6.30, the wind instantaneously abated, and with it the sea so rapidly fell, the water, from its ponderous gravity, settling on it, soon as the agitating cause had ceased to act. Within twenty minutes from the time we bore away from a sea which threatened to engulph us, we were pulling away, at a rapid rate, over a placid sheet of water, that scarcely rippled beneath us; and a rain-cloud, which had enveloped the eastern mountains of the Arabian shore, lifted up, and left their rugged outlines barking in the light of the setting sun. At 6.10, a flock of gulls flew over, while we were passing a small island of mud, a pistol-shot distant from the Northern shore, and half a mile West of the river's mouth. At 6.40 a light wind sprung up from the South-East, and fanned us gently over their Western edges gorgeous with light, while the great masses were dark and threatening. The sun went down, leaving beautiful islands of rose-colored clouds over the coast of Judea, but above the yet snow capped mountains of Moab, all was gloomy and charging.

"The Northern shore is an extensive mud-flat, with a sandy plain beyond, and in the very type of desolation; branches and trunks of trees lay scattered in every direction, some charred and blackened as by fire others white with an incrustation of salt. There were collected at high water mark, designating the line which the water had reached prior to our arrival. On the crop sands of this shore was laid the scene of the combat between the knight of the leopard and Sheerin the Saracen. The North Western shore is an unmixed bed of gravel, coming in a gradual slope from the mountain to the sea. The Eastern coast is a rugged line of mountains, bare of all vegetation,—a continuation of the Hauran range, coming from the North, and extending South beyond the scope of vision.

"Temperature of the Earth.—Laplace concludes that the mean heat of the globe cannot be altered by one degree at Reaumur, since the time of Hipparchus; inasmuch as the dimensions of the globe would be thereby changed in a small amount, its angular velocity be increased or diminished and a sensible difference be made in the length of the day—which difference does not exist.

"Tobacco and Montaigne.—At the last meeting of the Academie des Sciences, a paper was brought forward by M. Carbonnel, upon the effects of tobacco on the workmen employed to make cigars and purchase tobacco. It would appear that out of 420 females whose birthdate followed the occupation, 350 had twins; but with regard to health, out of 1,000 workmen, 340 became emaciated to the highest degree, and 64 in a secondary manner.—*French Paper.*

Science and Art.

Light of the Glow Worm.—That the glow-worm can make her light or not at her pleasure is but a poetic fiction; for the insect shines in infant state in that of the larva, and when in its sucrian condition. It appears from the observations of naturalists that these insects never exhibit their light without some motion of the body or legs; from this it would seem that the phosphorescence was dependent upon some nervous action, regulated at pleasure by the insect for it certainly has the power of obscuring it entirely. If the glow-worm is crushed, and the hands or face are rubbed with it, luminous streaks, similar to those produced by phosphorus appear. They shine with greatly increased brilliancy in oxygen gas and in nitrous oxide. From these facts (asks Mr. Hunt, in his charming work, entitled "The Poetry of Science," just published), may we not infer that the process by which this luminosity is produced, whatever it may be, has a strong resemblance to that of respiration?

Vast Plains of the Earth.—A writer in the Quarterly Review thus graphically enumerates, as the mighty plains of the earth, the great sandy deserts of Sahara, and the saline steppes of Asia, and the sterile and shingly plains of Patagonia. To these he adds the Pampas, forming a base horizontal surface of nearly one thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Andes,—the Nivas of the Amazons, a dense tropical forest, covering a level more than half as large as Europe,—the Llanos of the Orinoco, a plain of grass, twice as large as France, and flat as the surface of the sea,—the vast prairies of North America, stretching westward from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; and the wide luxuriant plains of Hindostan.

Temperature of the Earth.—Laplace concludes that the mean heat of the globe cannot be altered by one degree at Reaumur, since the time of Hipparchus; inasmuch as the dimensions of the globe would be thereby changed in a small amount, its angular velocity be increased or diminished and a sensible difference be made in the length of the day—which difference does not exist.

LAVARD'S NINEVEH.

The following passage from this interesting work is quoted by the Providence Journal as admirably illustrating the amazement of an Arab chief, at the success of Mr. Layard in discovering and removing a huge winged bull from its bed:

The Arab Sheikh, his enthusiasm once cooled down, gave way to mental reflections. "Wonderful! wonderful! There is surely no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet," exclaimed he, after a long pause. "In the name of the Most High, tell me, oh Pay, what you are going to do with those mighty materials of gypsum, which you spent upon such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the Cadi declares, that they are to go to the palace of your Queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers worships these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make an addition better, or measure a piece of land, or in the making of those things that the English excel in."

"But God is great! God is great! Here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were buried ground by the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father, and the father of my father, pitched their tents here before me, but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers, (may peace be to God!) put their wisdom in with them, and they have learned and seen no more than them ever heard of a palace under ground. Neither did they who went before them. But lo! here comes a Frank from many days journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick, (illustrating the description at the same time with the point of his spear,) and makes a face here, and makes a face there, and he says, 'Dig here, and there, says he, is the gate,' and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books in it by magic is it by your prophets that you have learnt these things? Speak, oh, Pay! tell me the secret of wisdom."

ALLAN PERCY."

Hundreds of inquiries have recently been made in regard to the authorship of Allan Percy, and many fruitless efforts have been made to obtain copies of it. The ballad is by Mrs Norton, and may be found on the 89th page of her novel of "Woman's Reward." The words are as follows:]

It was a beauteous lady, richly drest'd;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare,
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there.
In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears aim onward to the green wood tree;
Is the dun heart, then fair and thoughtless one,
The place where no sin should cradled be?
Lullaby!

Though a proud earl he father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss the green boughs upward to the sky.
Well knows that cruel how long my spirit pined,
I loved a forester, glad, bold and free,
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the green wood tree.
Lullaby!

Slumber then still, my innocent—mine own,
While I call back the dreams of other days;
In the deep forest I feel time a-one,
Thus when those palace splendors mock my gaze
Four not' my arm shall bear thee safely back.
I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wild wood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby!

Here I can sit, and while the fresh wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as we hoped in other days might be;
There no proud earl's supercilious footsteps come,
There, Alice Percy, I am safe with thee!
Lullaby!

Then sir mine own—for I'll bear thee where I list,
Far from the dust, proud tower and donjon keep;
From my own heart, dear child, thou shalt not be wrest,
And with a peasant's heart, sit down and weep.
Thy glittering broidered robe, my precious one,
Changed for a simpler covering shalt be;
And I will dream that Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan gunn'r thy sleep with me.
Lullaby!

Agricultural.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING.

BY PROF. J. J. MAPES.

DEEP PLOUGHING.

NEWARK, N. J., April 25.

Dear Sir.—In my last communication, I promised to give your readers some account of my experiments in Deep